

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

FEBRUARY
No. 27

PLASTIC MAN!
SPIRIT!
HELP!!

WHERE IN THE HECK
ARE YA?



JACK
COLE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL **OUTDOOR OFFERS** EVER MADE TO QUALITY COMIC GROUP READERS!

WHILE THEY LAST
Amazing **5-POWER**
TELESCOPE

**IN A BRAND NEW
COMBINATION OFFER**

With a Life Service Military Carrying Case

At A Price So Low

It's Almost A Gift

Here's real fun for summer: See far away. Brings far off people, airplanes, birds, signs, houses, livestock, etc. into sharp, clear, easy vision. Enjoy ball games, races, fights, more than you dreamed possible. Mail coupon today while SPECIAL OFFER supply lasts.

Sent To You Practically ON APPROVAL

We want you to see this sensational telescope, to use it, to carry it with you in the military shoulder carrying case. That's why we say mail the coupon now. Then, if a 10-day trial doesn't convince you this is the greatest offer ever, if you can bear to part with your telescope, return it and you won't be out a penny. But the trial supply is limited. You must act now! Mail the coupon today, sure.

Why We Make This Really AMAZING OFFER

This telescope is for men, women and children. It is made with genuine ground and polished glass lenses, and is a real 5-power telescope. It makes far off objects appear 5 times bigger than they actually are. If you want one, you'll have to hurry and get your order in, because this is a close-out offer and, when supplies are gone, there will be no more.

TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Send no money. Mail coupon today. When your telescope, military carrying case with shoulder straps, and free airplane spotter's guide arrives, deposit only \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage through postman. Do this on the positive guarantee you can return your purchase in 10 days and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait. Mail coupon today.

MILLER TELESCOPE COMPANY

225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

FREE

AIRPLANE SPOTTER'S GUIDE

For promptness in mailing coupon and thus helping quickly to move our telescopes on hand, you will receive free this interesting and valuable airplane spotter's guide. Shows accurate silhouettes of 16 U. S. Fighters and Bombers, and 15 ENEMY WAR PLANEs. Yours free of all added cost. Now, today, mail coupon.

These and Many Other Planes

*Use This
Special
Coupon*

MAIL THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

**Miller Telescope Co., Dept. A-718
225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.**

Send 5-POWER TELESCOPE, CARRYING CASE with Shoulder Straps and free airplane spotter's guide. I'll pay postman \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on guarantee I can return purchase in 10 days for full refund. (Send \$1.49 with order and Miller pays postage.)

NAME

(Print plainly)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER: These Telescopes make ideal gifts, especially for service men, Boy Scouts, etc. If you want 3 at a special gift price of \$3.89 (save 58¢) put X here ()

PLASTIC MAN

... AND I WILL NOT ONLY PROVE THIS MAN GUILTY OF **MURDER**, BUT THAT IT WAS AS COLD, DELIBERATE A DEED AS EVER PERPETRATED, ETC. ... ETC.....

MMUCH HAS BEEN SAID AND WRITTEN ABOUT TRIAL BY JURY... FOR THERE IS SOMETHING DRAMATIC AND GRIPPING ABOUT A MAN'S BEING TRIED FOR A CRIME BY TWELVE OF HIS FELLOW MEN! THERE HAVE BEEN GOOD JURIES AND BAD JURIES... JURIES WHICH METED OUT REAL JUSTICE ... AND OTHERS WHICH SLEPT RIGHT THROUGH THE TRIAL ... BUT NEVER WAS THERE A JURY SO COCKEYED AS THE ONE WHICH Pondered THE DESTINY OF A MURDERER BROUGHT TO BOOK BY PLASTIC MAN! WOOLLY WAS ON THAT JURY!...

NEED WE SAY MORE!

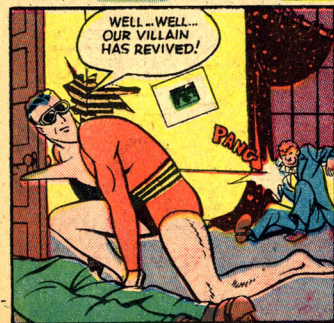
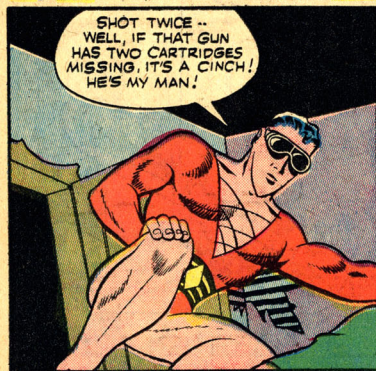
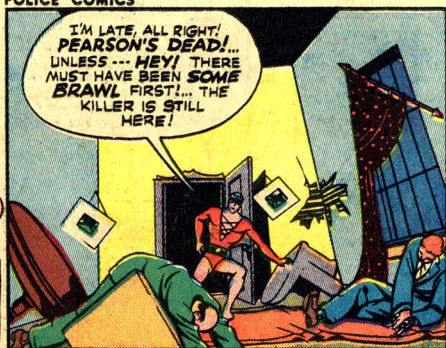
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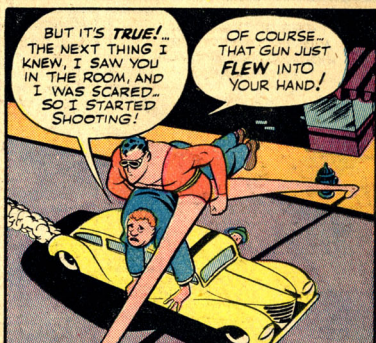
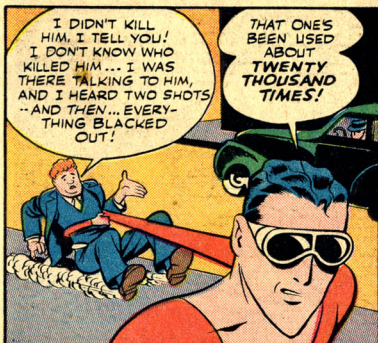
by JACK COLE

JURY BOX

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AND SO... JAMES STERLING GOES TO PRISON TO AWAIT TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF RANDOLPH PEARSON!...



Meanwhile... WOOLY HAS HIS TROUBLES!...

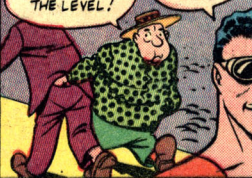
I TELL YUH, PLAS... IT AIN'T FAIR! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO BE ON A JURY... AND THEY WON'T TAKE ME JUST BECAUSE I ONCE WAS A --AHM...



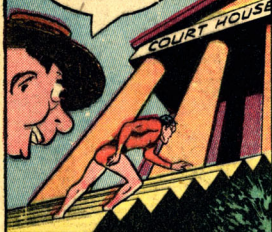
A DIP!

ER--I WOULDN'T PUT IT SO BLUNTLY, PLASTIC MAN! I'LL ADMIT I WAS SOMEWHAT LIGHT-FINGERED, BUT IS THAT ANY REASON WHY I CAN'T DO MY DUTY AS A SOLID CITIZEN, NOW THAT I'M ON THE LEVEL!

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE FACT THAT THE THREE BUCKS A DAY IS MORE THAN YOU COULD MAKE ANY OTHER WAY!

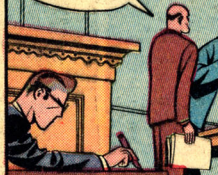


THREE BUCKS A DAY! ... NO KIDDIN'? ... NOW I JUST KNOW I GOTTA BE A JUROR!



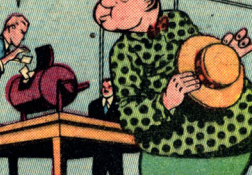
WOOLY IDLES ABOUT THE COURTROOM...

NOW THAT EVERYONE'S HERE, WE CAN PROCEED WITH THE JURY SELECTION!



SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE! THIS OUGHTA BE EASY!

I'LL DROP THE NAME CARDS IN THE WHEEL!



ALL I GOTTA DO IS WRITE MY NAME ON THE CARD!

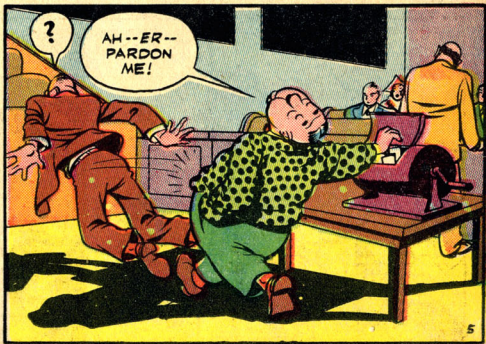
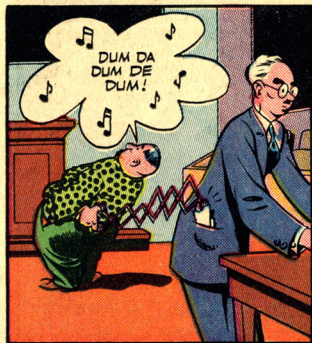
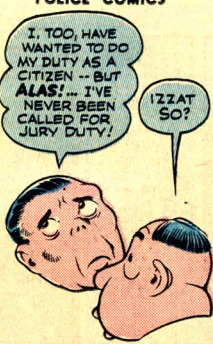


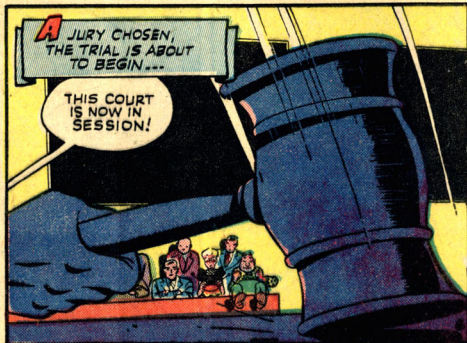
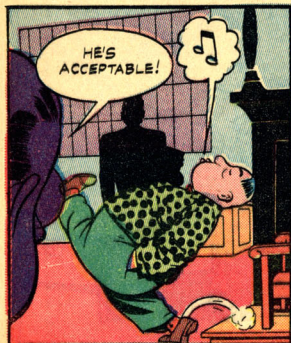
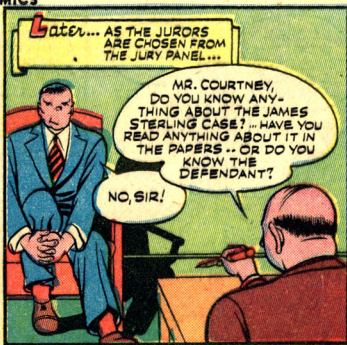
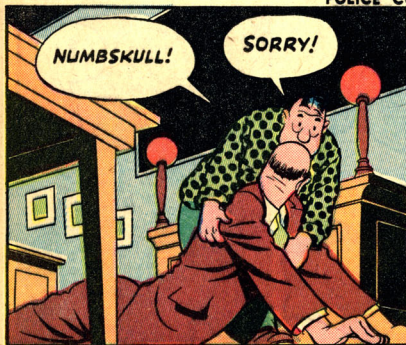
JUST A MINUTE...!



!! GULP!!

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YES, MR. STERLING
HAS BEEN MR.
PEARSON'S PARTNER
SINCE I FIRST WENT
TO WORK FOR THE
COMPANY... THEY
QUARRELED
FREQUENTLY!

POOR...POOR
RANDOLPH! HE
WAS SUCH A GOOD,
KIND MAN! I
LOVED HIM SO!

I LIVE
NEXT DOOR...
I WAS JUST
ABOUT TO HAVE
A CUP OF TEA
WHEN I HEARD
TWO SHOTS! I
WAS TOO SCARED
TO INVESTIGATE!

YES... THAT
IS THE GUN I
TOOK FROM
STERLING!

I TELL YOU
MY STORY IS
TRUE! I DON'T
KNOW HOW IT
ALL HAPPENED!

**SURELY YOU
DON'T EXPECT
THIS INTELLIGENT,
ALERT AND JUST
JURY TO BELIEVE
THAT!**

BUT--

RAISE
A
DIME!

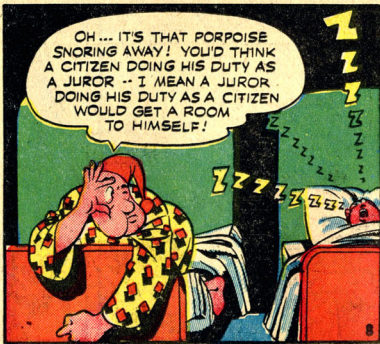
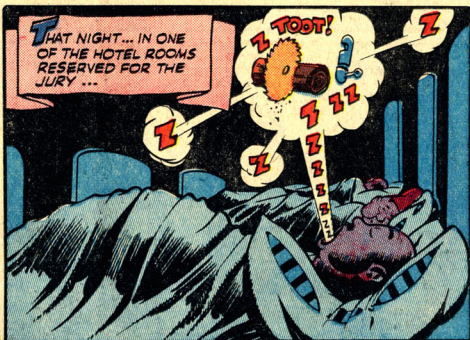
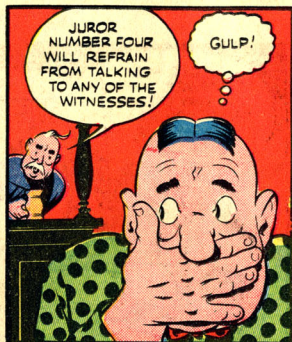
I'LL
CALL
YOU!

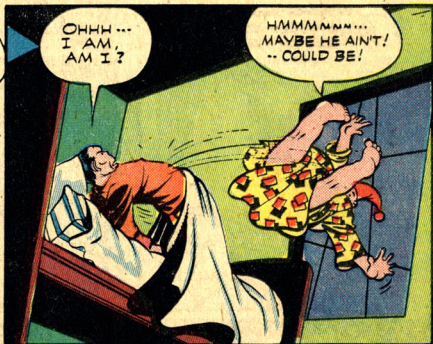
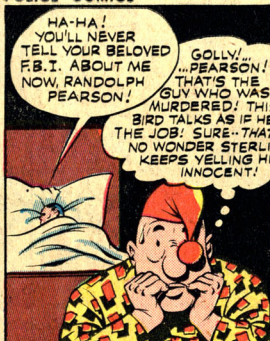


YOU MAY
STEP
DOWN!

IF I'M
ABLE!

THIS COURT
IS ADJOURNED
UNTIL TOMORROW
MORNING! THE JURY
WILL BE LOCKED
UP FOR THE
NIGHT!





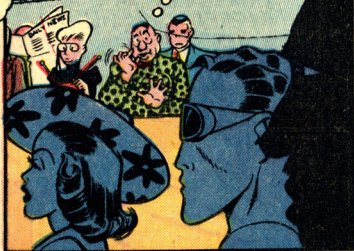
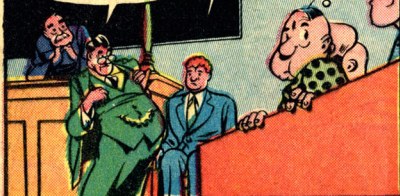
**NEXT MORNING
IN THE COURTROOM...**

AND YOU SAY
YOU WERE TALKING
TO MR. PEARSON WHEN
YOU SUDDENLY LOST
CONSCIOUSNESS?

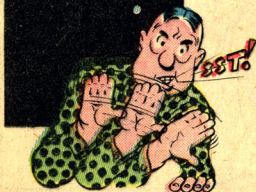
THAT'S
RIGHT!

I GOTTA
ATTRACT PLASTIC
MAN'S ATTENTION...
BUT IF I SAY ANY-
THING, THIS GUY'LL
USE THE RING
ON ME!

HE ISN'T
EVEN LOOKING
AT ME!



HE STILL ISN'T
LOOKING AT ME!
I GOTTA MAKE HIM
UNDERSTAND THAT
SOMETHIN'S
WRONG!



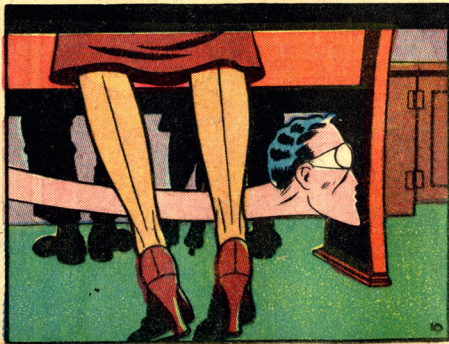
OWW! -- WHAT
A PHIZ ON
WOOZY
TODAY!

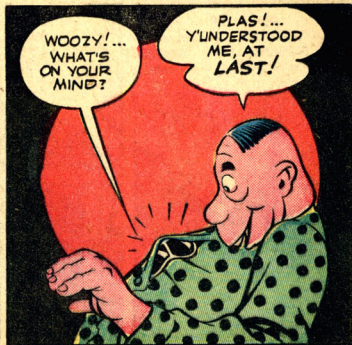
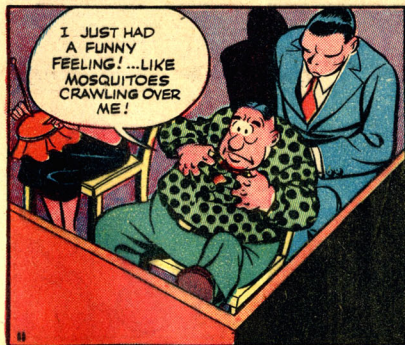
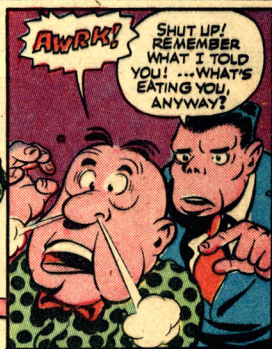
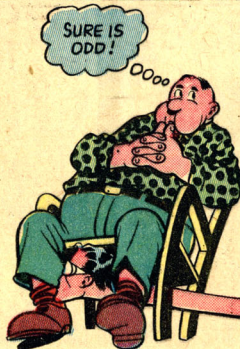


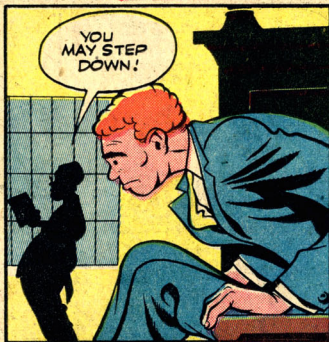
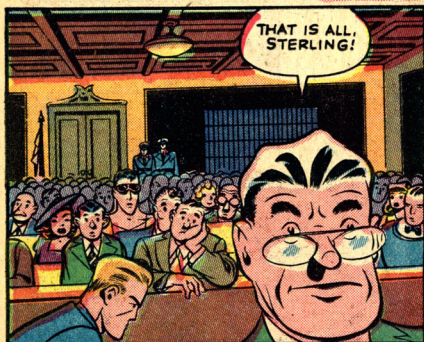
WONDER
WHAT'S EATING
HIM! HE CERTAINLY
ISN'T IMPROVING
THAT MAP OF
HIS ANY!



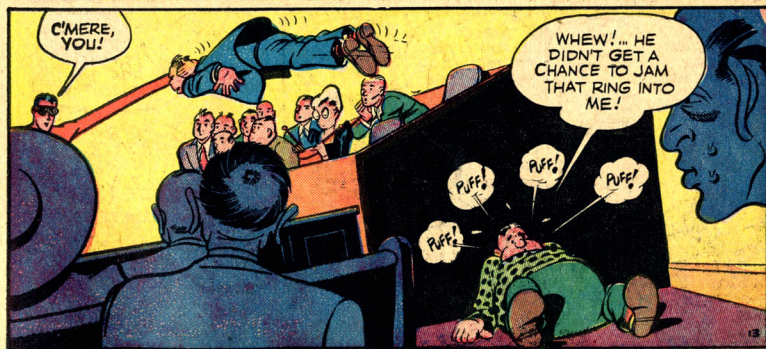
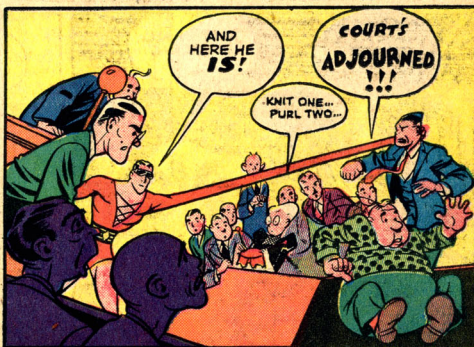
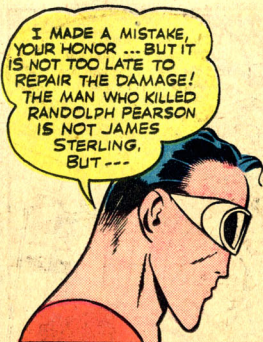
LOOKS AS IF HE'S
TRYING TO TELL ME
SOMETHING! -- UNLESS
I'M WRONG ----- WELL,
I CAN'T WALK UP TO
HIM WHILE THE COURT'S
IN SESSION! -- BUT
THERE SHOULD
BE A WAY!

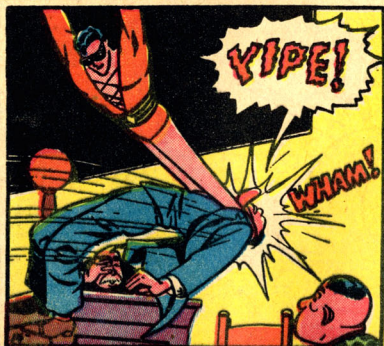
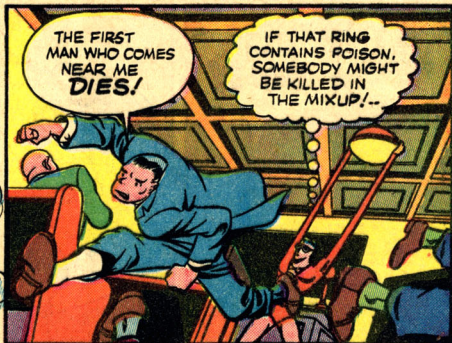
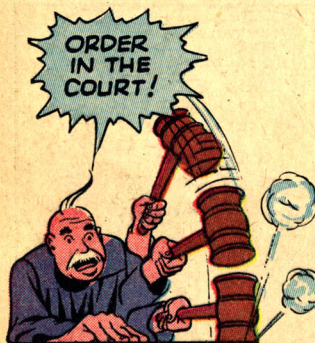
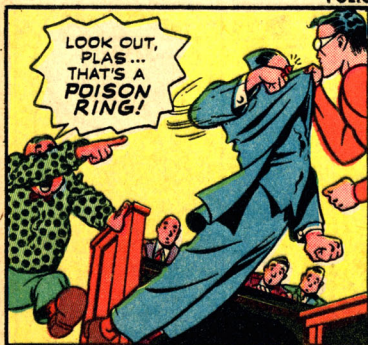


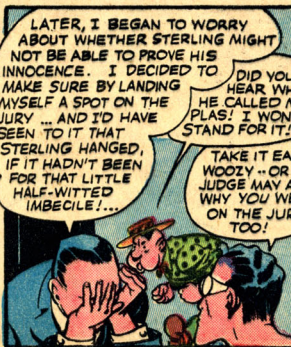
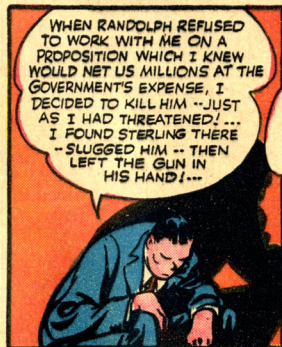
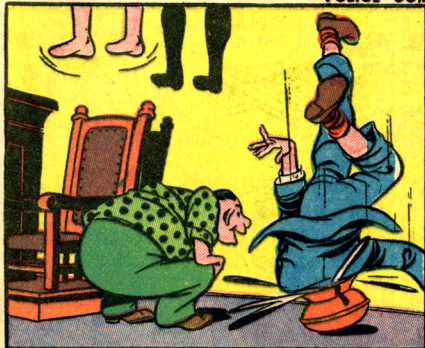




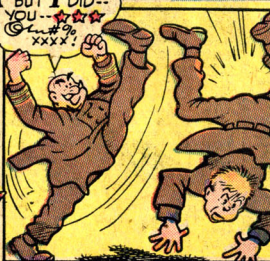
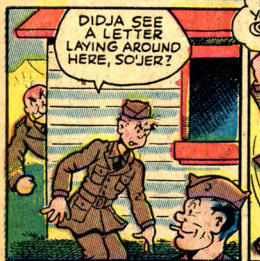
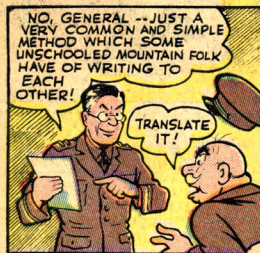
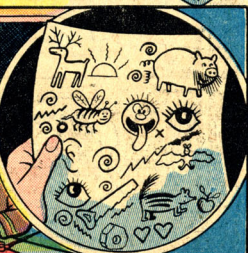
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FLATFOOT BURNS

I'LL BET YOU
DON'T THINK I'LL
SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!
S'FUNNY! ... NEITHER
DO I!



M. STEIN

OHhh! ...
IT'S TOO
TERRIBLE!

IT LOOKS
ALL RIGHT
TO ME!



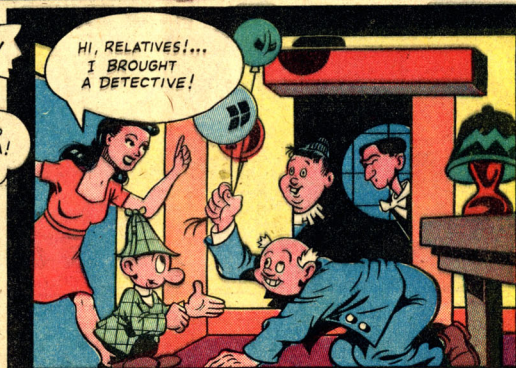
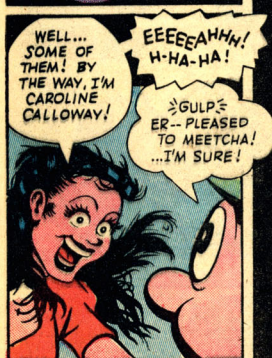
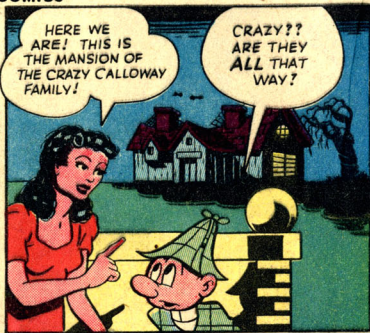
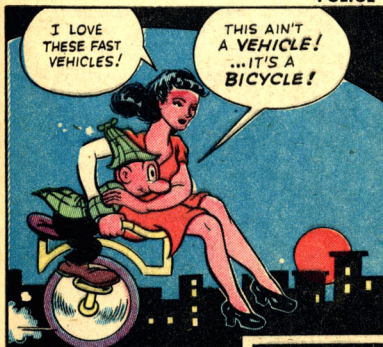
I MEAN ...
EVERYBODY
OUT AT OUR HOUSE
IS BEING
MURDERED!

MURDER!
THAT'S
MY
DISH!

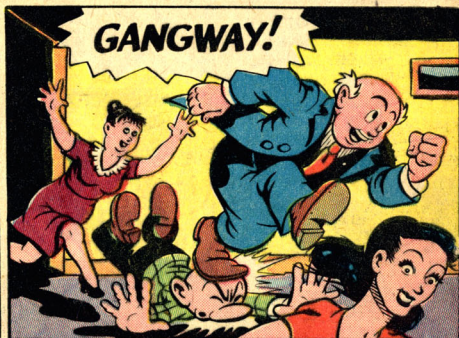
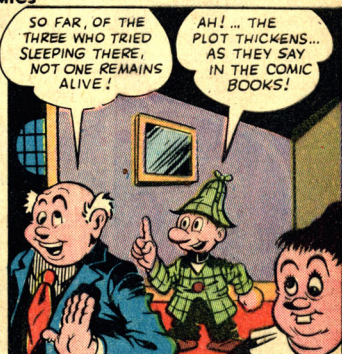
FIRST IT
WAS THADDEUS
AND THEN
ALOYSIUS
AND NOW
AUNT MAMIE!
THERE'S NO
TELLING
WHO'S
NEXT!

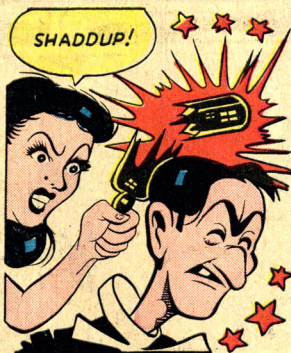
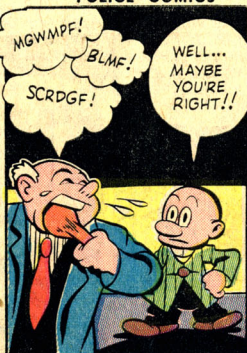
HMMM!
WE'LL
HURRY
OUT AND
CATCH THE
KILLER!
... NAB
HIM IN
THE ACT!



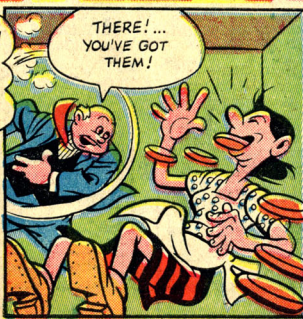
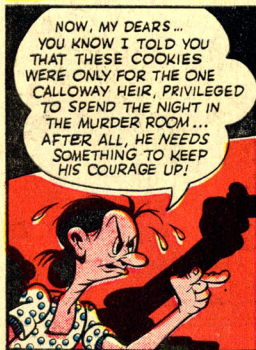


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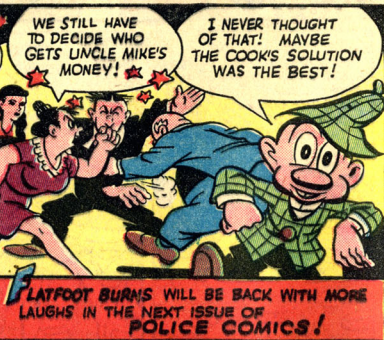
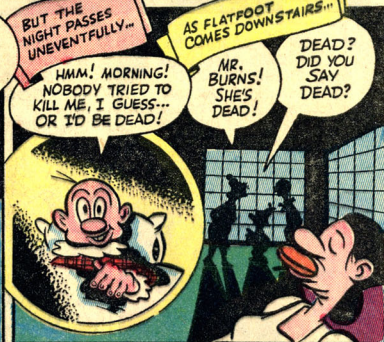
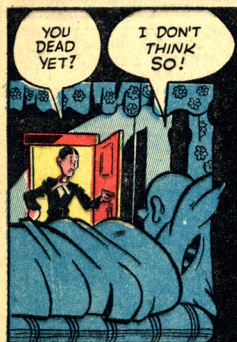




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FLATFOOT BURNS WILL BE BACK WITH MORE LAUGHS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **POLICE COMICS!**

DESTINY

WHAT STRANGE HORROR
HUNG LIKE A PALL OVER
THE COSMOPOLITAN
OPERA HOUSE? WHY
DID LIGHT-HEARTED
SINGERS WALK ONTO
THE STAGE INTO THE
ARMS OF GRIM DEATH

?

THERE WAS AN ANSWER WHICH NOBODY
WOULD BELIEVE! NOBODY BUT DESTINY,
WHO HAS THE OCCULT POWER OF
TRANSFERRING HIMSELF THROUGH SPACE
TO THE SCENE OF A CRIME -- AND HE
KNOWS THAT, SOMETIMES, THE DEAD
REMAIN WITH US!

A DRESSING ROOM IN THE
COSMOPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE...

YOU ARE
PLAYING YOUR
LAST ROLE, RICARDI!
TONIGHT, YOU
DIE!

WH...
WHAT?

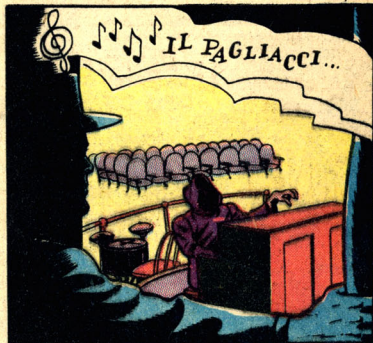
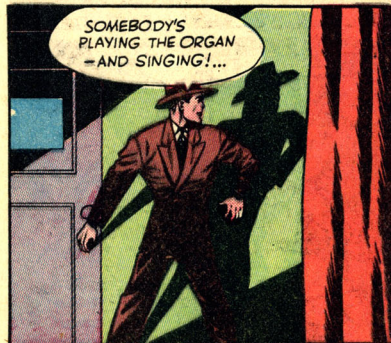
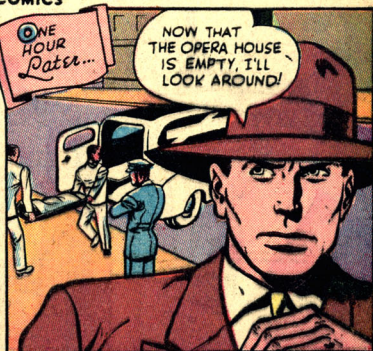
I DIDN'T GET ENOUGH
SLEEP, LAST NIGHT! --
I MUST BE
HEARING
THINGS!

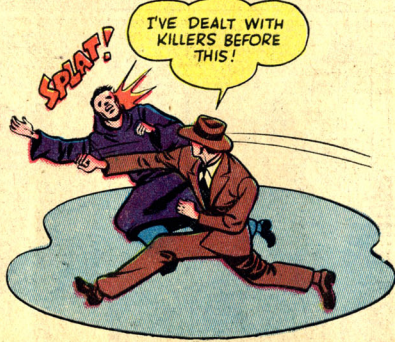


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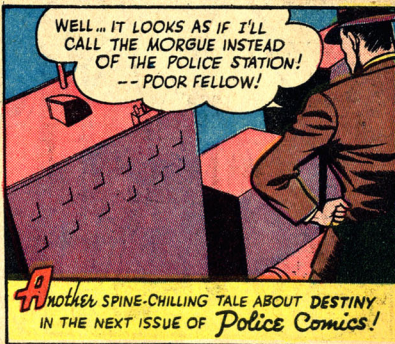
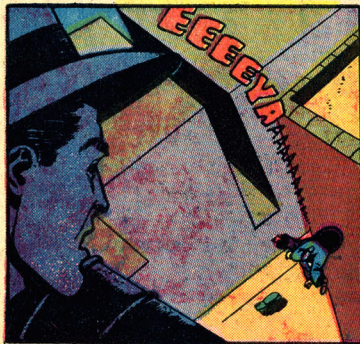


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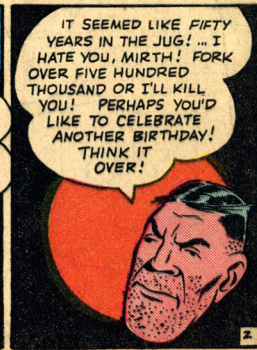
MANHUNTER

and The
Man who
DIED
TWICE!

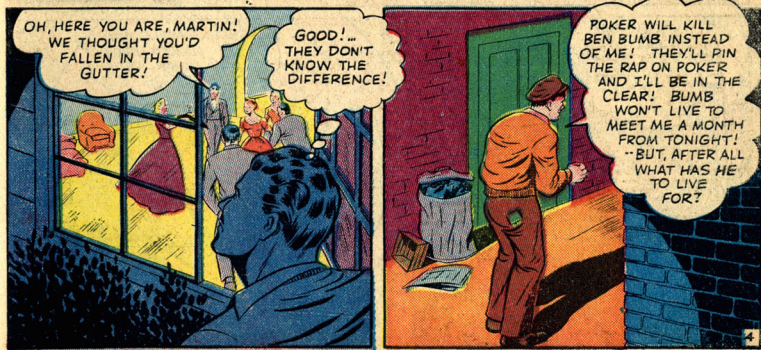
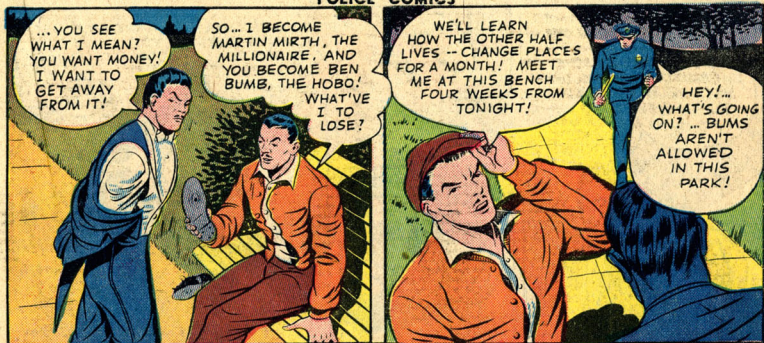


STRANGE is the tale of
Martin L. Mirth, millionaire...
a man who gave his name and
station in life to another, only to
find that they could never be
restored! — The story of a man
whose name is twice written in the
records of the dead!

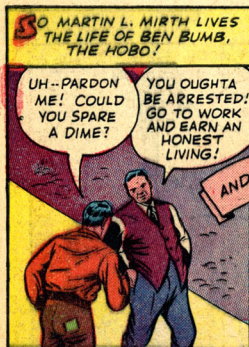
Was the murdered man a
murderer? *Read on!*



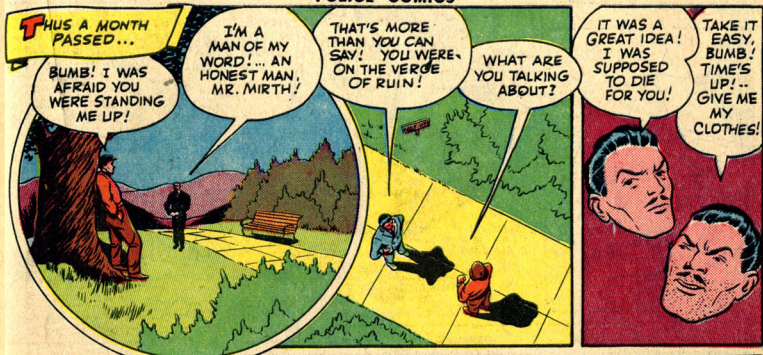


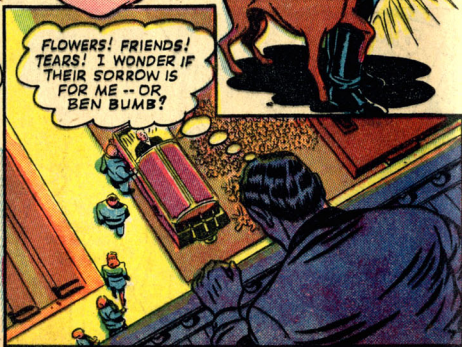
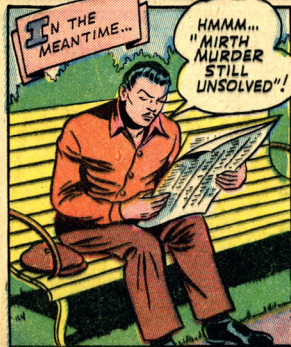
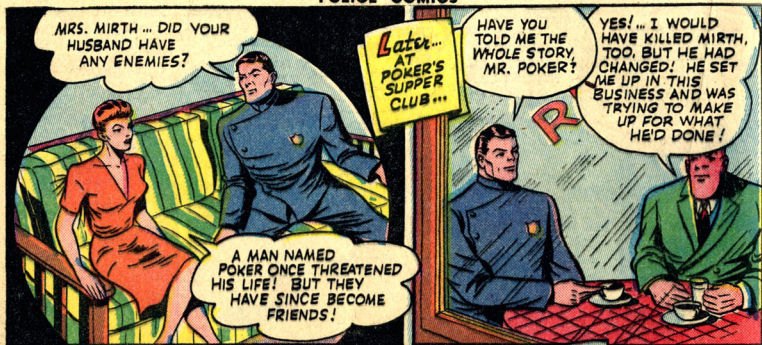


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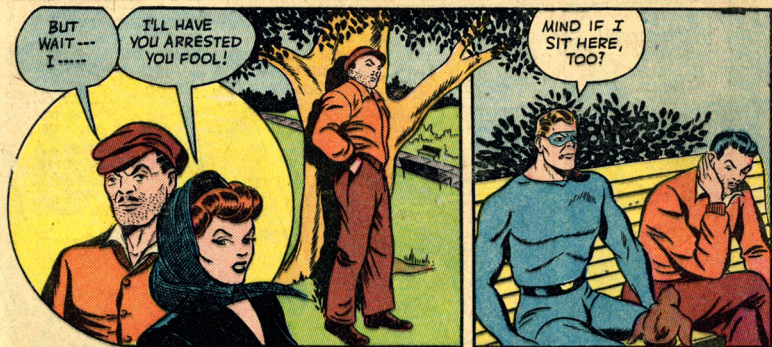


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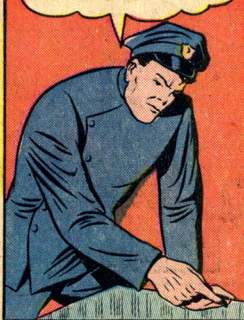
MANHUNTER'S WORK FINISHED, HE BECOMES DANNY RICHARDS AGAIN AND RETURNS TO HIS CHIEF...



RICHARDS, ARE YOU CRAZY? SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE A STORY LIKE THAT!

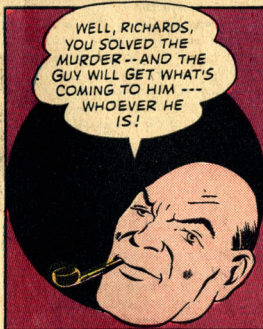
YES, CHIEF! EVERY WORD OF IT!

THE NIGHT THEY WERE TOGETHER IN THE PARK... THE HOBO'S PERSISTENT RETURNING TO THE PARK BENCH... MIRTH'S MURDER AT THE VERY SPOT... IT ALL TIES TOGETHER!



BUT THAT DOESN'T PROVE HE'S MIRTH!

NO... THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE'VE PROVED-- THAT HE **IS** THE MURDERER! HIS FINGERPRINTS MATCH THOSE TAKEN FROM THE DEAD MAN'S THROAT!



WELL, RICHARDS, YOU SOLVED THE MURDER--AND THE GUY WILL GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM --- WHOEVER HE IS!

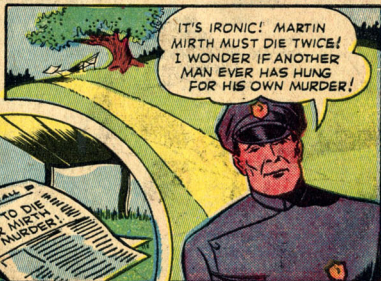
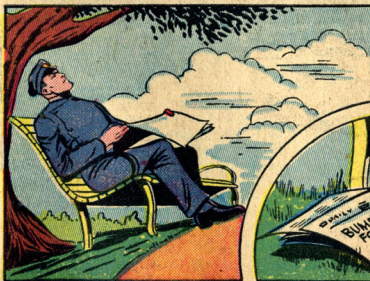
HE'S MIRTH, ALL RIGHT! I CAN'T PROVE IT -- BUT I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON IT!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

THE JUDGE HAS PRONOUNCED THE SENTENCE!... AND THE GUY INSISTS HE IS BEN BUMB!

THE MAN HAS PRIDE, CHIEF!... HE'D RATHER DIE THE MURDERED THAN THE MURDERER!



IT'S IRONIC! MARTIN MIRTH MUST DIE TWICE! I WONDER IF ANOTHER MAN EVER HAS HUNG FOR HIS OWN MURDER!

MONSTER of the VALLEY

THE first strange disappearance occurred in 1926. Vernon Grant, archeologist for the Clive Foundation, left for Colombia to "run down" a rumor of a mystery. In other words, Grant and a party of five other scientists, headed for a certain mountainous region in Colombia to find the truth of a statement by "South American Sam" Bagley, who had reported that a Lost World existed in the stipulated area.

Neither Grant nor his companions were ever heard of again. Nor had anybody in the South American republic seen them.

Four years later, another party headed by Jan Van Voort of Amsterdam set out for the same place. They too vanished without a trace. And, like the Grant party, nobody saw them and so therefore they left no clues.

A small party of airmen, in a private plane, decided to see what the ruckus was all about and headed their plane south for Panama one day in 1933.

They flew over what they knew was the region where the mysterious disappearances were supposed to have occurred, but they could see nothing but a towering range of mountains surrounding a vast valley. The valley, however, was obscured by thick cloud banks. So the party was forced to return to a distant point in northern Colombia where there was a landing place.

They tried four or five times, but always the thick mists defied them. They flew back to Panama in disgust.

It was not until January of 1937 that two more intrepid adventurers tried to solve the secret of the hidden valley. They went to Colombia, hired mules and trekked three hundred miles through almost impenetrable jungle to the circle of unscalable mountains that pocketed the valley.

And there they met defeat. A broad river wound along the eastern ramparts of the mountains. It was known as El Rio Muerte—the river of death. The natives gave it a wide berth. Just why, however, nobody seemed to know.

Later that same year a Pan-American airliner flying over Colombia, vanished with nine passengers and a crew of three aboard. Scouting planes flew all over the republic for several weeks, but nothing was ever seen or heard of the missing craft.

Had it, too, been swallowed up by the mysterious valley?

Several years passed. The matter was all but forgotten. More than a score of people had vanished in the dark reaches of the Colombia wilds. Occasional speculation as to what had happened to them flared up and the newspapers revived the old stories. Usually these had to do with the missing persons. After a reporter with a dash of imagination would weave a fictional yarn on what he thought had happened, interest would again die.

The whole thing might have been forgotten had it not been for Dick Mace. I assume that little need be said here in the way of introducing young Mace. One of the world's foremost detectives, even though a mere lad, he has marched through these pages scores of times in numerous hair-raising adventures.

Mace is one of those people who must get at the bottom of things: ferret out all the facts of every mystery, no matter what the cost or danger. He had read all there was to read about the Colombian mystery. It intrigued him no end.

One day in June, 1943, he decided to try his hand in one of the most baffling cases in history. Alone, he set out in his small, powerful plane from Panama. He landed as near to the River of

Death as he could, which was about three miles from the circle of towering mountains. He set off, following the winding course of the river afoot.

When he had gone about two miles, he came to impenetrable walls of jungle. Creepers and lianas were so thickly intertwined that they formed a solid mass. Nothing could get through it. He had noticed a strange and ever-increasing roaring as he moved toward this spot. At first he thought it must be a fall. But he quickly discarded this theory when he glanced across the river. It was a half-mile wide. Directly in the middle of it was an enormous whirlpool.

"Huh!" he said. "That's odd. I never saw a whirlpool in a river before."

On the opposite side of the river the jungle was sparse.

Dick retraced his steps to his starting point. He kept on going, coming at last to a similar wall of creepers.

"Good gosh," he said, "a mouse couldn't get through that wall. Now supposing all those people found themselves in this same spot. What would they do?"

Dick glanced across the river again. And then a thought struck him. He stepped to the river bank and threw a stick into the water. It was whisked away in a flash toward the roaring vortex of the whirlpool.

"Ah!" said Dick aloud.

He went to his plane and took off. A week later he was landing in the same place. This time he had come prepared for a strange adventure.

Dick took a diving helmet and rubber suit from the cockpit and donned them, first seeing that his two revolvers were strapped to his waist. Then he waded into the river. Immediately he was swept headlong toward the whirlpool. He didn't fight the current. And then he was spin-

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ning around like a top and hurtling downward.

Blackness—a roaring in his ears—then sudden, blinding light. Dick was rolling over and over. At last this stopped and he found himself in a quiet stream, walking on soft sand, heading for the nearby bank.

The first thing Dick saw when he got his helmet off was the canopy of haze that covered the valley. Then there were the towering perpendicular cliffs that encircled it, and the odd vegetation. Giant tree ferns, and tall blades of saw grass—all a strange reddish color. The lack of green pigment, he felt, was caused by the haze cutting certain rays out of the sun. He had heard of such things.

Then—*bing!* There it was, a gigantic footprint in the wet sand of the beach. But what a footprint! Fully two feet long, half that across. It was—

"What the heck kind of animal made that?" he demanded of the silence. "Surely not——"

A cold chill swept over him. Yes, he had seen such a print in a certain museum of natural history. It was a print imbedded in ancient limestone, made, according to scientists, some million years ago. A prehistoric monster's footprint. An animal's print supposed to be dead thousands of centuries! And now here, today—1943—was a fresh print, made by the same monster!

Dick felt a little weak and dizzy for a moment. Things were

coming too fast. This couldn't be. Yet here it was, the irrefutable proof before him!

He set out across the rolling plain that stretched before him as far as the eye could see. Saw grass and a few scraggy trees, all the dull reddish color.

But suddenly he came upon a skeleton of a man. It was badly broken and chewed, and the skull was crushed, but it was the bones of a man. There was no identification.

"One of the poor devils, sure as anything," he said to himself.

Farther on, several miles from the river, he came upon a clump of thick bushes and there lay five more skeletons! They were all in the same shape as the first—broken and some of the bones had been chewed by enormous teeth. Did that monster actually exist? Had it killed these people and eaten them? He seemed to remember that those giant animals of the past were all herbivorous and not flesh eaters.

Dick wandered over the plain all that afternoon. He had solved the way these people had entered the valley—not by their own volition they had seen the sparse jungle across the river and had tried to swim the stream. The same thing had happened to them as had overcome him the whirlpool had got them, sucked them down under the mountain and into the hidden valley.

Toward evening he came to the wreckage of a large tran-

port plane. It had crashed hard and the whole ship was a mass of twisted metal. The cockpit was fairly intact. Inside, there were four people, all of them skeletons now. But their clothing remained. And in these garments he found definite identification of the plane and its passengers. Several other skeletons were strewn about near the plane, hurled there by the terrific impact of striking the ground. All these were skeletons.

Then just at dusk Dick made his great discovery. Lying near the river, was an enormous body, sunken, and in spots giant bones showing where vultures had eaten the flesh away. It was some kind of prehistoric animal, but what kind he had no idea. Had this monster eaten those other people? He knew what he'd do: he'd go back to civilization and bring a crew of men.

Dick knew how he'd get out of this valley, too. He had come fully prepared. He carried a canister of the world's highest explosive. There was a low place in the mountain range, which he had spotted when he first entered the valley. He knew positively that the charge he carried was adequate to tear the pile of mountain down, making it possible to scramble over it into the jungle.

Tomorrow he'd set off the charge and leave the valley. In a few weeks he'd come back. Come back and really pry the secret of the valley loose!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1932 of POLICE COMICS published monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1943

Journal of Gerontology

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Publisher of the POLICE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication during the twelve months in the above caption required by the Act of August 26, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 437, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brower, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

E. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, the name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.)

7. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so stated) Name _____; and that the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee, agent, or fiduciary is acting, in the case of a partnership, the name of each partner and also the name of the partnership; and the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold direct and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and shall list the names of all persons to whom the company is indebted in a sum exceeding ten percent or more of the total capital stock of the company, on any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as is stated by the company.

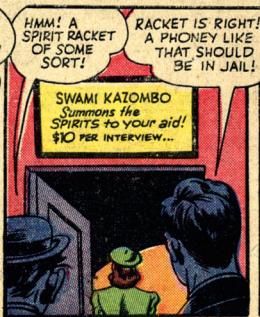
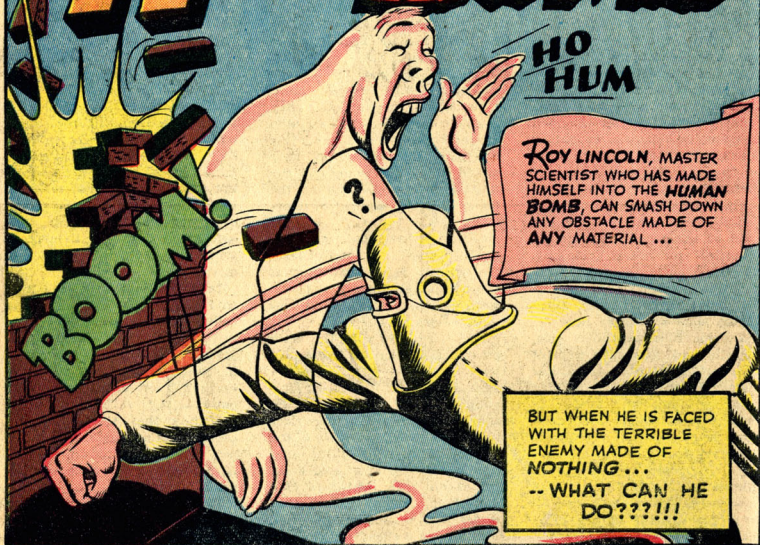
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mail or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher

Born to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1941

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public [My commission expires February 6, 1992]

The Human BOMB



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HERE... AND PROVE THAT HE'S HERE! SHOW ME HIS FACE!



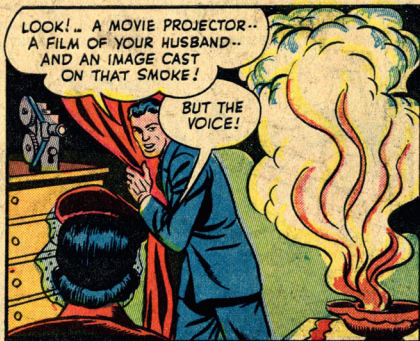
IT'S MY HUSBAND! SPEAK TO ME, MY DARLING!



COME AWAY FROM THAT SILLY TRICK LAMP, LADY!



NO MADNESS! ONLY GOOD SENSE! LIGHT THE PLACE UP, HUSTLE!



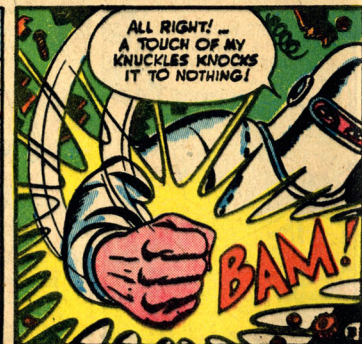
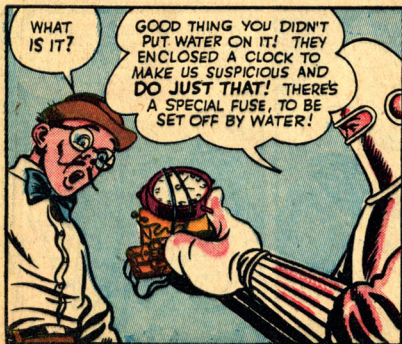
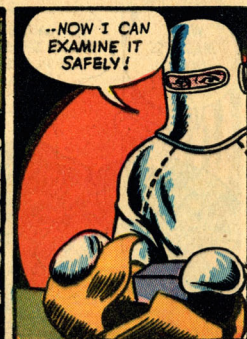
BUT THE VOICE!



LOOK OUT!



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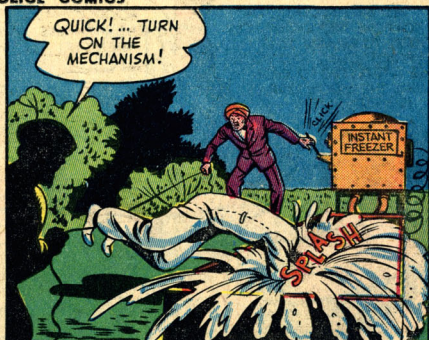


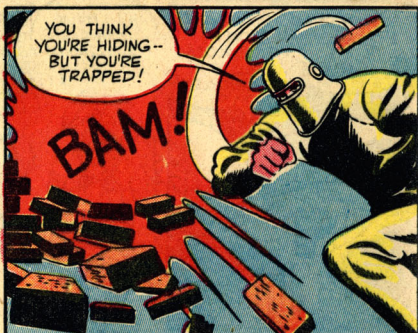
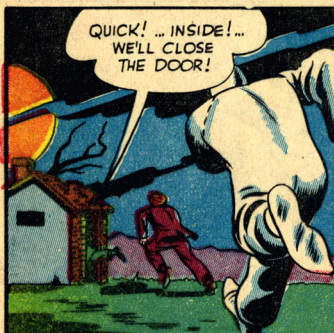
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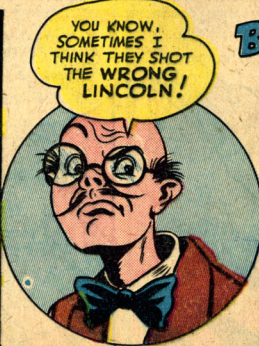
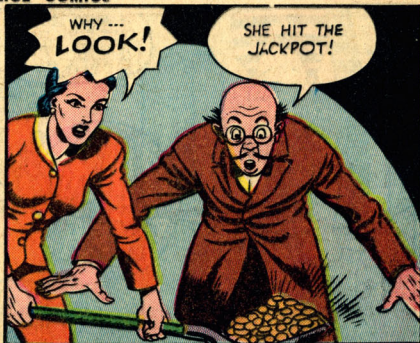


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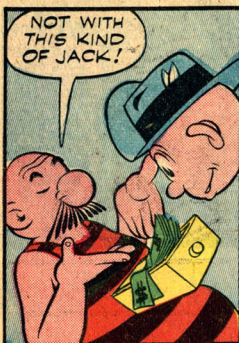
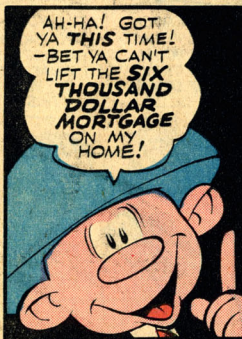
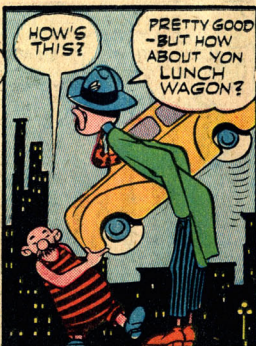
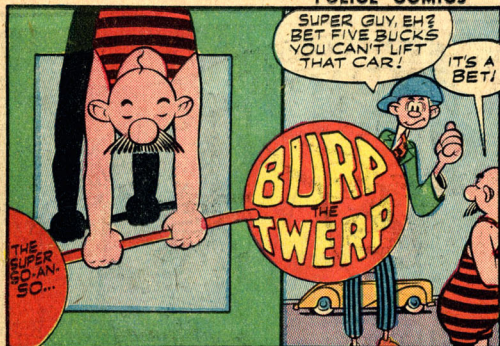






BUT...
HUSTACE WILL GET OVER HIS PEEVE IN TIME TO SHARE ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH THE HUMAN BOMB IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS!

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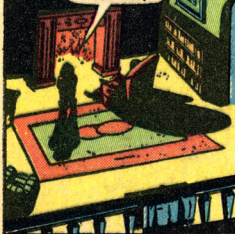




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DEEP UNDERGROUND IN WILD-WOOD CEMETERY... WHERE THE SPIRIT KEEPS HIS SECRET CRIME LABORATORY....

GOLLY, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS... YO' GONNA LET COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOW YO' IS STILL ALIVE?



NO, EBONY... I THINK IT'S BEST NOT TO!

HE SHO' WAS MAD AS A HORNET WHEN HE THOUGHT YOU DROWNED LAS' WEEK!



YES... HA HA!... GUESS I'D BE SAD ABOUT HIM TOO... I'M GETTING TO LIKE THE OLD BILLYGOAT!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

NOW DON'T SHOUT AT ME, MR. GILDTREE... I'M NOT SHOUTING, MR. DOLAN... HERE!

I WANT PROTECTION FOR MY WIFE!



THIS YOGI AHKAN HAS TOLD MY WIFE THAT SHE HAS DISPLEASED THE GOD BARDU AND HIS PONEY RELIGION... SO, IN ORDER TO APPEASE HIM, SHE MUST PAY TRIBUTE... 1000 GOLD DOLLARS A MONTH... OR SHE'LL DIE!

A RACKET!!



MY WIFE BELIEVES IN IT... AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO SAVE HER??...

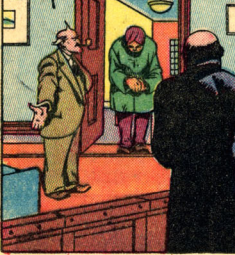
HOLD YOUR HORSES, GILDTREE... I AM DOING SOMETHING...!

I'M HAVING YOGI AHKAN BROUGHT HERE FOR AN INTERVIEW!



HERE HE IS NOW... SIT DOWN, YOGI!

MAY BARDU SMILE ON YOU, MY FRIENDS!



NOW, YOGI!... WHAT'S THE RACKET??

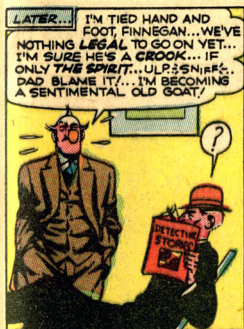
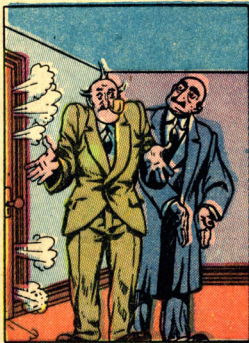
RACKET?... RACKET, SAHIB?? OH... NO ONE DOES NOT HAVE RACKET WEEETH BARDU!... AM MERELY SERVANT OF BARDU..



..UNLESS MRS. GILDTREE PAY TRIBUTE... BARDU SAY SHE MUST DIE !!



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MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF MRS. GILDTREE....

I HAVE DONE EVERYTHING YOU SAID, YOGI... AND THE COINS WERE NICKED THREE TIMES...
IT IS WELL, MRS. GILDTREE... I GO NOW... AND TOMORROW YOU WILL HAVE PROOF OF THIS FRAUD WORKED UPON YOU!



HSST...SPIRIT... IS SHE ALRIGHT ??



OH...YES, MR. GILDTREE...SHE FOLLOWED MY PLAN...NOW KEEP HER MIND OCCUPIED...AND DON'T LET HER KNOW WHO I REALLY AM...



...AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK YOU BRING MRS. GILDTREE TO AHKAN'S APARTMENT...I'LL BE THERE AS YOGI... AND EXPOSE HIM!
RIGHT!



LATER...

GOOD EVENING... WHO ARE YOU?
AH, MY BROTHER...I AM YOGI! AND...I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR POWERS...



YOU..ER... HEARD OF ME??? HOW.....?

I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU DEFILE OUR GREAT GODS, ...AND I'M HERE TO KILL YOU!

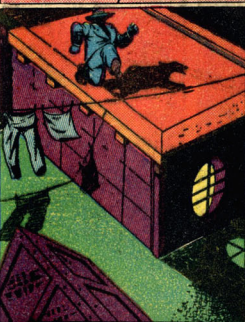


NO...NO...NOW LISSSEN, PAL... DON'T... I GOT A SOFT RACKET HERE...AND I'LL CUT'CHA IN ON IT!

MY!...HOW YOUR VOICE IS CHANGED!... YOU SPEAK AS THE OCCIDENT. TRULY YOU ARE AN EVILDOER, IN THE SIGHT OF BARDU.. AND FOR THAT.... YOU DIE!!



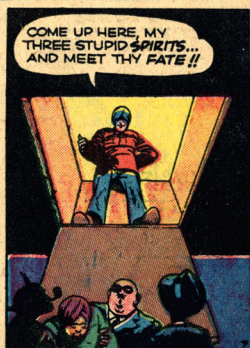
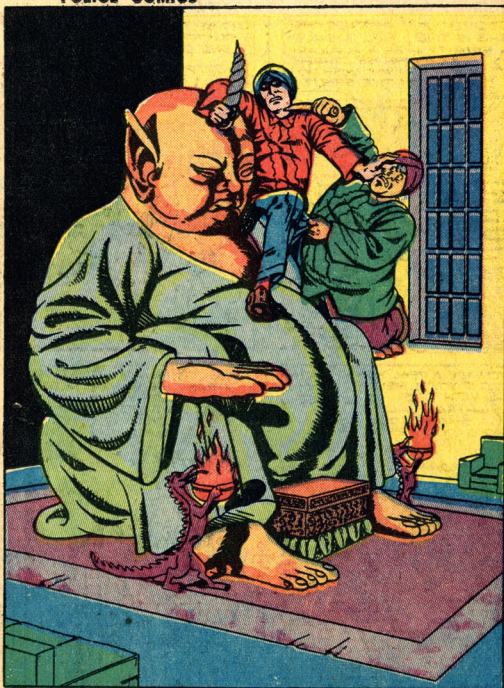
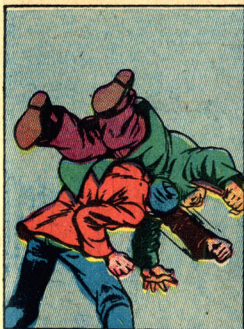
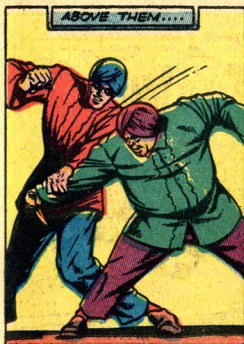
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE....



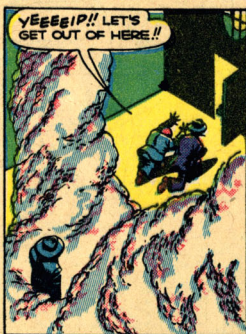
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Boys!

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5 POWER TELESCOPE



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If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

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BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

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